The Christian Socialist

The Golden Rule Against the Rule of Gold

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In Twenty Years

A Fascinating Story of the Social Revolution

By Leslie Sumner Bray

[Comrades! This entrancing story, so beautiful in spirit and suggestive in thought, makes excellent propaganda matter. It will interest men, women and children as a heavier article would not, and help many to see the reason and the hope of Socialism. We are printing it all in one installment, rather than as a continued story, so that you may order it all as one propaganda story in a single issue. You should see that many bundles of this paper are ordered and distributed by your branch. Get people interested first, then they will read heavier propaganda articles.]

CHAPTER I

The House on the Sands

William Darrington sat in his private library reading a heavy book, a treatise on the financing and operation of big business. He was fifty years old; his hair was iron gray, his eyes steel gray, and he had a mouth that betrayed no emotion or any capability of any. His lips were pressed tightly together. His jaw was firm.

A servant entered. "Mr. Swanson wishes to speak to you at once, sir," he said with a mechanical courtesy.

Darrington's eyes flashed from the book to the servant and bored themselves like bullets into the menial's being. Darrington never looked at anyone. He looked through them, down into their hearts, their very souls, and read their history, their thoughts, catalogued them, and if he found them worth while they became his. If not, he kicked them from him, and never hesitated to trample upon them if occasion presented itself.

"Tell him to come in!"

The voice was hard, unfeeling, stern. The humaneness had long since been driven from Darrington. It had flown as his wealth increased, as his tremendous enterprises doubled, trebled, and swallowed everything in their path. It had gone from him without his knowledge. Unconsciously his heart had become as stone, his soul as a closed temple into which nothing entered, and from which nothing came. He was king of America's finance, and he ruled with the love of power, believing himself great for what he had accomplished; acknowledging nothing but his own ability.

A young man, well dressed and with an air of refinement about him, entered the room, bowing low. Restrained excitement showed in his face, and he waited only a moment before speaking.

"The bill has passed, sir, and the extras are already on the street. The police are powerless, and the Governor has called out the militia. Chief Deputy White from headquarters just phoned me he is sending all the help he can spare up here."

Darrington leaned back in his chair and laughed in a low, hard voice, a voice in which there was no music.

"Militia, eh?" And he laughed again. Suddenly his eyes snapped, and he leaned forward with a closed fist pressing the arm of his chair. "So the Strike Bill passed, did it? Ah, I told you it would! Now we'll watch them squirm. Now they can strike if they want to! I tell you, Swanson, this is what we've wanted for many years!

"Here we've been dictated to year after year by the men we hire, and now that a strike is a legal offense that means penal servitude, Oh, I tell you it's great, great!" His eyes sparkled, and his hard features seemed even harder with this new star to his crown.

For a year William Darrington had devoted millions of dollars toward getting this strike bill made into a reality. It was a law whereby the workingmen's union would be unconstitutional, and a strike would be an offense against the public welfare, a crime punishable by law.

The bill had passed. And the law, yes, the United States Army and Navy were behind him, William Darrington, protecting his railroads, his steamship lines, his coal fields, his immense plantations, his factories, mills and other enterprises. He could now dictate to them all and they could murmur not a word. They were his and he would let them know they were his.

These workers had fought him long enough. They had named their own wages and he had been forced to pay them or have his business tied up. The fact that he had made money by the millions in spite of this condition of things was nothing to him.

Money he wanted, had always wanted, but power he longed for, dreamed of. And now it [illegible]

Swanson stepped to the window and looked out.

"They are coming, sir!"

Darrington was apparently lost in a momentary vision of his power, and he sat with hard brilliant eyes focused on space, seeing nothing, knowing nothing save the fact that he was King and the people were his subjects.

"The mob, Sir!"

Darrington rose and turned to the window. They were on the fourth story, and as he looked out he could see a mass of human beings, men, women and children, moving below. Cries, strange, weird, uncanny, came up to them. Cries that came from the throats of men gone mad with the lust for blood; cries from women whose wrongs were still fresh in memory and deed; cries from children, children pale and thin and weak.

Darrington dropped the curtain on this monstrous picture, and in a voice that was not his own, asked his Secretary.

"What does it mean?" There was fear in his voice.

Swanson did not answer immediately. He appeared to be thinking. Although his position had been servile, his mind had grasped many a truth. His eyes were always open, and many a book, unknown to Darrington, lay in the bottom of his trunk treasured above price.

As Darrington faced his Secretary there in the library while the ominous sounds rumbled below in the street, the barrier that had long been between them, fell. It fell when fear sounded in Darrington's voice.

Swanson turned and faced the older man, and his words rang with a new life.

"It means the end, Mr. Darrington. It means——"

Far down the street a volley of shots rang out on the night air. In the street below the cries redoubled. The sound was hideous. It was the cry of wolves that fight their last fight, hoping to kill, but realizing that they are doomed. It was the cry of revenge incarnate.

"It means," continued Swanson, "that the police have not arrived, and that we are in the [illegible]s of the people."

[illegible]he door suddenly flew open, and a young [illegible]l with dark, flashing eyes entered.

"Father!" Mr. Swanson! What does this mean?" she cried, rushing up to the two men. "I just answered the 'phone and it was from Police Headquarters. The man says he may not be able to send help! What does he mean?"

Her eyes caught the hunted look in Darrington's eyes. "Father! What is the matter?"

The older man opened his mouth. His lips moved, but he could not speak.

The girl turned to Swanson, and demanded: "Why don't you speak?"

Clarice Darrington, the only daughter of this money king, was only eighteen. Her mother had died when she was too young to remember her. She had ruled his household ever since she could give an order to a servant.

Swanson said: "Miss Darrington, we are surrounded by a mob. The Police can not protect us, and our only chance for safety is to get aboard the yacht. We may be killed in five minutes if we stay here. Get your wraps, but stop for nothing else. We will go the underground passage to the Jefferson House, and our chauffeur will be ready to rush us to the boat. Hurry!"

As Swanson began speaking the girl turned her beautiful eyes to him, and a flash of defiance sparkled in them. She threw back her head, and her small figure appeared to grow in stature. But as she turned toward her father, her face suddenly went white. Her eyes softened. She looked again at Swanson. Was it admiration or contempt she read in his eyes?

In a moment she was rushing to her apartment, ignoring the maid, gathering a cloak and scarf about her, instinctively knowing that disguise was their only chance of safety. In a few minutes she was back in the library where she found Swanson and her father in long overcoats and mufflers, faces well hidden, waiting.

Clarice, strikingly handsome in her rich attire, turned to Swanson. For the first time in her life she was waiting for his order. He did not look at her. He was watching the elevator shaft. She heard the door click and Swanson say:

"Get in. Neither of you must talk. Do just as I tell you and ask no questions."

They stepped out in the basement, and the secretary led them to a door which he opened. He pressed a button and they entered the narrow, electric lighted passage which connected with the most fashionable banquet house in the city.

A short walk brought them to a door. A pressed button brought a liveried servant, who ushered them into a private, richly furnished lounging room. A man in evening dress came forward, bowing low.

"Taxi No. 20 at private door immediately," ordered Swanson. "Let no one know we are here."

The man returned shortly, and, bowing low, said: "It is waiting, Sir."

"Pier 48 as quick as you can get us there," said Swanson to the chauffeur in a low voice, as he pulled the cab door to.

As the light fell on the secretary's face, Clarice noticed how changed it was. For the first time she noticed the firm mouth, the grave eyes.

Her father had not spoken. He had obeyed his secretary's orders without a protest. He seemed stunned.

As the car swung out on the street, William Darrington leaned forward that he might peer out on the havoc he had wrought. On every side came the cries. He shuddered as one in the throes of some terrible disease.

Once they came to a standstill, and Swanson pulled down the curtain. The firing down the street had ceased. Traffic everywhere seemed to have stopped. Policemen were seen bound and gagged. Others had thrown away helmets and badges and had joined the mob. Power was in the hands of the people. Militia men were seen running. Their guns were missing.

Clarice gazed in horror at it all. She felt Richard Swanson draw her cloak more tightly about her shoulder. She saw him watching her.

Time and time again the chauffeur was forced to back out of blocked streets, but at last they drew up at the water front. The piers were deserted. Every one had joined the mob.

As Swanson helped Clarice from the cab she nearly fell. He caught her. "Put your arm here. Now brace up, little girl," he added encouragingly. She clung to him as a child clings in the dark.

As they pulled out toward the yacht fire sprang up in the upper part of the city, illuminating the sky in a lurid, magnificent picture. The tall skyscrapers pointed like living fingers to the heavens, as if safety lay alone in the star-lit realms above. The smoke belched forth in black clouds, sending shadows of darkness across the city.

Swanson helped Clarice and her father aboard the yacht. He saw that they were made comfortable, then hurried away to the captain. In a few minutes they were gliding noiselessly out of the harbor.

CHAPTER II

An Awakening

William Darrington and his daughter sat in their deck chairs and watched the burning city gliding away from them. Darrington knew that he was responsible for it all. He knew that as his power increased, so had the people's hate.

Clarice lay back in her chair, her brow wrinkled, her eyes troubled. As their yacht glided past the many craft in the harbor, and they slowly moved away from the city that burned with revenge even as it now burned with fire, the girl rose and went over to her father. She laid a hand on his arm.

"Father!"

He did not look up.

"Father, don't you think we have made a great mistake? Haven't we gone too far? Can we ever get back the place we have lost?"

William Darrington did not feel the light, solicitating touch of the girl. He did not hear the voice of Woman calling him to reason.

He saw with the eyes of a man whose power had never been curbed; whose money had made the Kingdom of America, and placed him on its throne. He saw the power that had been given him, and here his vision lingered. He could not grasp another vision. His whole being saw only this.

"Go back and sit down, Daughter; this excitement has unnerved you."

Darrington had lost his fright. His voice was again firm, his eyes hard and merciless. He watched the fading city and planned its rebuilding, planned the control he had for a moment lost.

Clarice looked at her father. She loved him dearly. He was all she had. But she never argued with him. She had other ways and better.

Darrington rose and walked to the railing where he stood gazing into the star-lit trail behind them.

The girl sighed. A lonesomeness came over her. For a long time she sat there, thinking, thinking, thinking. She murmured half aloud: "If some one would only talk to me, tell me the things I want to know——" She put her hand over her heart as if to still its beating. She rose and walked up the deck.

She stopped as she neared the bow and gazed off to seaward. The night was far spent. The stars, brilliant in their heavenly vault of distant blue, came and went. She stood there, her hand to her bosom, gazing upward, lost in the things of Another World. Something caused her to turn suddenly, and she faced Swanson.

"I'm afraid, Miss Darrington, that you will be inconvenienced for a while, but this was a critical time, and I miscalculated the developments."

The girl turned her eyes to him, and for several seconds did not speak. As he started to pass her she put out a hand. "Mr. Swanson!"

He stopped, hesitated a moment, then said: "I will be glad to do all I can to make you and your father comfortable, but," he added, "don't you think you ought to go below and get some sleep?" And he pointed to the East where the stars were fading in a shaft of gray.

"Why didn't you call me Little Girl?" she asked, an odd, half mischievous, half serious smile playing about her face.

Swanson looked at her uncertainly for a moment, then smiled. He started up the deck, but Clarice gave a little cry. "Please don't go now. This night has been a terrible thing to me. It is so unreal. I can't think as I should. Won't you tell me all you can about it?" Her voice was suddenly low, almost pleading. "And I'm so tired," she added. "You would rest me."

Swanson stepped to her side. "You poor little girl, of course, you're tired. I'm sorry this had to happen as it did, but it came as all things come when history and the world decree it." He put his hand on her arm. "Come and sit down. I must talk fast. You must get some sleep. We are now out of danger."

"Miss Darrington, you are a keener observer of this world than many think you are. You are aware of the political changes in our country during the past few years. The country once belonged to the people. They loved it; they had fought for it and had won it. They loved its freedom and fondly believed it would always be theirs. They forgot, though, the selfishness of man."

"The system of profit and the unlimited possibility of becoming rich appealed to mankind. Its very selfishness appealed to him. You know what this has grown into, and you realize, I believe, how fast the end has been approaching."

"Your father gained control through his money power, and on account of this power was able to evade many laws, and create others. But the people have organized to defeat him. They knew that Strike Bill was before the House, and its passing into a law was to be a signal. That signal came tonight, and it meant to kill your father's power. Thousands of those poor, half-starved beings thirst for his blood, and would kill him on sight."

Richard Swanson talked on, his eyes lighted with the fire of battle, his voice earnest and appealing. He showed the narrowness that existed in men whose only use for life was to gain wealth. He pictured life as he had found it in the land of business war. He painted it, and the painting was black.

He went down into the under world and as he pictured the misery, the crime, the poverty there, his voice choked, and he could not go on. When he again spoke, he said:

"Mr. Darrington is blamed for it all, but his power is overthrown forever. It will not be safe for him to return for a long time, perhaps not for years."

"Tonight we will anchor off a small river mouth, and in darkness we must go up this stream for several miles. We will not be safe on the boat, but I think so far we are not watched. This plan must be carried out if your father's life is to be protected. Will you help me, little girl?"

The day was breaking across the water. One by one the heavenly diamonds fell back into the morning gray, and left a clear and beautiful roof of blue. The sea was calm and not a boat could be seen standing against the horizon.

Clarice held out her hand to Richard Swanson.

"You are the truest man I know," she said, and there was a catch in her voice. "I will do all I can to help you——"

She swayed dizzily, and the secretary caught her in his arms. She smiled wearily up into his eyes. "I'm tired," she said, and fainted away.

Later Swanson held a long conference with the Captain. Darrington had gone to bed. He took no part in the plans for the future.

At last Swanson fell asleep. When he awoke several hours later, he was greatly refreshed. The day wore slowly, and at last night fell with a dim horizon in the west. Toward midnight a boat containing a few provisions was lowered, and Darrington, Clarice and Swanson were pulled away into the darkness.

Clarice watched the younger man as if questioning him with her eyes. He was continually peering ahead into the darkness. The sound of the waves beating against the shore came to them. Soon they entered a narrow river with low marshy banks.

Here a boat met them. Swanson rose and in a low voice called: "Is that you Jim?"

"Ay, ay, Dick, boy," came the low reply. In a moment the two men were clasping hands, and soon they were transferred to Jim Wetzel's boat, and the sailors pulled away for the yacht.

The days that followed were like some fairy tale to Clarice, like some unreal chapter of life, a dream from which she might awake at any moment.

CHAPTER III

In Hiding

One bright sunny morning Clarice stepped from the mountain hut and looked out on the scene of wilderness. Inside, Jim Wetzel's mother hummed a low, musical dirge as she rocked to and fro.

Outside not a sign of life stirred. Clarice looked about wistfully. Not seeming to find what she wanted, she turned and walked down the rough mountain trail. Then she waited patiently. For an hour she sat there admiring the rough beauty about her, but ever and anon gazing down the trail as if expecting some one.

A shot sounded far away and indistinct. Another report suddenly broke the stillness close by, and Richard Swanson appeared down the trail, dressed in a hunting suit, and slung across his back was a monster turkey.

Clarice ran forward with a little cry. "You are a bad, bad boy," she exclaimed in mock reproach. "You promised faithfully that I could go with you today, and here you've been hunting all the morning!"

Richard had dropped his gun and was now holding both her hands, and gazing down at her with eyes a-sparkle.

"And pray," he asked, "how long has Little Girl been waiting here?"

She pretended to draw away from him, saying that was beside the question. But Richard glanced at the sun and laughed.

"I have been hunting about five hours. Jim and your father are on the other side of the ridge."

He was still holding her hands. "Come, Little Girl, let us go up to our old rock. I have a lot to talk about."

They stood there side by side and gazed across the mountains stretching away, mile upon mile, into the distant blue, and each was silent. At last the girl turned to Swanson, and, with her beautiful eyes a-kindle, she said:

"Oh! how little of life I have lived. I always thought I was happy and contented. But now I realize that I am just beginning to live. How grand and wonderful this is!"

Richard took a quick step toward her, checked himself, then said, "Yes, it is wonderful!"

In a moment he went on: "I had a long talk with your father this morning. He thinks that as soon as the upheaval is past he can go back and recover his place. He seems unable to realize that his control is gone. He thinks his power belongs to him because his money bought it——"

Swanson looked across the valley with troubled eyes.

Clarice drew nearer to him. "What are we going to do about it, Richard?" she asked in a low, anxious voice.

"To-morrow I am going over the mountain and get back to civilization. I will go on to Headquarters and see what the outlook is. The reward for your father has been increased to $50,000 ,and I fear there is no chance of clearing things up as long as he takes the stand he now does."

"How long will you be gone?" and the girl's eyes were anxiously searching his.

"A week, at least, perhaps a month or more."

Day after day they had been together. They discussed the political and economic situation, and the girl found in Swanson greater aspirations, keener perceptions, higher ideals and nobler thoughts than she had found in her father, and she knew his mind was worthy of a great respect.

In the mists of the early morning Richard stepped from the cabin to begin his day's journey across the mountains. He had told them all good-bye the night before, saying that he would rise early, make a cup of coffee, and be many miles away ere they would be awake.

A shadow moved in the pathway, and Swanson stopped short, fingering his revolver. A voice called softly: "Richard," and Clarice stepped forward, hesitatingly.

"You have done so much for us," she said in a low voice, "that I wanted to tell you that nothing my father or I can do will ever repay you. * * * Why don't you go now, and join your friends. Your sympathy has always been with them and we are keeping you away. You have been more than a friend to both of us. We can not ask more. You have done enough——"

Richard stood there looking into her eyes, those soft, beautiful eyes. He drew near to her, was clasping her hands, crushing them.

"Little Girl," and his voice was deep with feeling, "I have done only what any one else in my place should have done. But there is another reason. I love you. I have no right to ask anything of you now; but I am going away, and all I ask is that you remember I am coming back for an answer."

He waited a moment, then asked: "Have I said too much?"

Her beautiful eyes, gloriously moist, looked up into his, and she leaned toward him.

"My little girl!" he cried, crushing her to him, and for a time the past and the future was forgotten, and they each knew of nothing, but love, love and its happiness, its wonderful, entrancing power.

CHAPTER IV

The New World

A bright sun glowed and sparkled on the peaceful water of the harbor. A trim little craft was coming round the point, headed for the city. On her forward deck a man and woman stood.

They turned and made room for a gray-headed man on whom many years were resting. His eyes were lighted as those of a child gazing on new scenes. The woman turned a pair of deep and unusually beautiful eyes on the old man, and said in a gentle voice: "Come, Father, we must show you everything now. See! There is the lighthouse. And here comes the International, the largest passenger boat afloat. She is bound for Liverpool. And just think, Father, we own her!"

The old man held the soft hand that pressed his, and gazed with keen admiration at the beautiful steamer now plowing her way majestically through the waves close by. His eyes sparkled. "Grand!" he murmured. "Wonderful! Wonderful!" And then he added, "And it's mine!"

Another boat carrying several hundred children all waving and calling to them passed by on the other side.

"See, Father," cried the woman, "There is one of our house boats. Those children are from the city, going down to Shell Island for recreation. And it is ours, too. See how much pleasure we are giving those little boys and girls. Look how happy they are! See the little girl with the red cloak, and the little boy in the yachting cap—oh, isn't he cute!"

The eyes of the old man turned childishly to the woman. "Mine?" he asked hesitatingly, "Mine, too?" Then his eyes wandered away to the long piers stretching out to meet them. Big craft and little craft, boats of every size and make, electric launches, cutters and yawls, veritable water birds they were, glided past them.

"Are they mine?" asked the old man turning again to the woman.

Her eyes were moist as she turned to him. "No, Father, those are pleasure craft. They belong to individuals. You see everything that can be used for making money is ours. We don't need the others."

The old man smiled. "No, of course, we don't need them." He rubbed his hands together. "No," he repeated, "they don't make money. They don't make money."

The boat drew up by a pier and was made fast. As they landed, the younger man pointed to a line of immense freighters unloading their cargo close by.

"There," he said, "are some more of our boats. See them unloading. There is one with tropical fruits, one with salmon from Alaska; one with spices from the East; another with silks and laces. They will be unloaded here and sent to the leading cities to be distributed."

"Ah, Dick," said the old man, laying a hand on his shoulder. "You have managed well, yes, you have managed well. I am glad you came in with me. Yes, you deserve it, boy!" And the childish voice laughed in a pleased and satisfied way.

They took a taxicab, and the younger man gave the driver an address. "You see, Father, we have uniform cab rates, so many blocks, so much, and no tips allowed anywhere. The cab service is ours, too. And the electrics are ours. We ride on cost rates everywhere."

The old man thought a minute, then said, as if uncertain of its meaning: "Cost rates—cost rates." He kept repeating these words, and then his mind wandered away to other things.

"And did you make that deal with the Great Lake and Rio-Grande System?"

Clarice pressed her husband's hand, and tears shone in her eyes.

"Yes, Father, you see we own the whole system now, clear across the Continent. We control everything."

"And the rates!" broke in the old man, "are you still fighting the Rates Commission?"

"Oh, no," said Richard. "We regulate that ourselves. You see——'

"Oh, my boy! To think you could do all this in twenty years!" His voice grew louder, and he continued repeating: "In twenty years. In twenty years."

The cab turned down a side street, and Richard pointed out the neat apartment houses.

"This is what used to be the slums, Father. You see, we have no poverty now, as we give employment either on our large farms or on our construction work to all unemployed men. We have a Committee of Common Good that keeps posted as to the needs of all these people, and no one need go without food, clothing and shelter. All they have to do is earn it."

The old man sat quietly gazing out the window, watching the traffic and the new landmarks. Everywhere he saw prosperity. No ragged children; no beggars on the corner. The faces passing by were not tired and lifeless. There was blood in them, pure, red blood that was not harnessed to the wheels of commerce. The faces did not carry the shadow of life's fight for bread.

The parks were teeming with life. Babies laughed and [illegible] strange things that no one understood, save their mothers. Young girls played games together or sewed beneath the friendly shade of spreading branches.

A crowd of boys were taking lessons from a physical instructor close by. Their bodies were lithe as cats' and their eyes sparkled with life and ambition.

All this was seen by the gray-haired man. He could not understand. He only saw. But the younger man pointed out the new order of things and compared them with the old.

At times the childish eyes would grow serious, and the brain seemed struggling to grasp some meaning in the words that he heard. But again he would relapse into the childish way. Yet always he saw the possession of these things, and his wandering wit remembered they were his. Yes, he had bought them, they were his.

The cab drew up at a neat cottage among flowers and vines. The younger man and the woman with the beautiful eyes led him into the house. He saw children there. They came and talked to him. They called him Grandfather, and the name pleased him. He forgot many things, but his face suddenly lighted with a strange, new happiness, a happiness that came from the touch of childish hands and the sound of innocent laughter. They asked him many questions and told him all about their games, their frolics, their studies, their books.

He listened, he talked and he laughed. And when Clarice came in she caught them all in her arms and cried softly. She then turned to Richard and hid her face on his shoulder, who said, gently:

"It will come out all right, Little Girl. Don't worry, I'm sure it will."

Later they found the old man sitting before the window, a strange, wistful look in his eyes. In his arms, sound asleep, was the youngest of the children. He looked up as Richard and Clarice entered.

"Children," he said, and there was a note of tenderness in his voice, "I have just been thinking—— I am getting old——" He hesitated and stroked the Little Girl's hair. "I don't need all those steamers, and I don't need those railroads—— You see, I am getting old——" His voice died away, musingly, and he repeated slowly, "Getting old, getting old."

He went on again in a moment.

"Do you think we need them all, Richard, boy? All of them?"

Clarice knelt by his side, clasping his hand in both of hers.

"No, Father, we don't need them."

She was searching his face hungrily. There was something almost supernatural in the silent cry of her eyes, as she repeated:

"No! No! Father, we don't need them, we don't need them!"

He smiled down at her tenderly.

"I thought," he faltered, "that we might give them to the children. You see," and there was something new in his tone that startled Richard, "we cannot live here always, and we must not be selfish——"

He hesitated again, stroking the curls snuggled against him.

"Why not give them all away? There are other children," and he motioned out across the street to where the babies talked in their own language, and the boys and girls laughed and played. "Couldn't we give them all away, Richard?"

Tears were running down Clarice's cheeks, and she suddenly threw her arms around the old man's neck, crying softly:

"Father! Father! Oh, Father!"

Then they told him, kneeling there together, how the railroads and the steamships, the mines and the factories were theirs, but only in a partnership way. The control of all was in the hands of the people. It all belonged to them collectively, and no individual could profit by it.

The children were provided for now, they told him. They could not starve. They were safe.

And William Darrington smiled into his daughter's beautiful eyes, and again stroked the curls leaning peacefully against him, as he murmured:

"I am glad. I am glad!"

TWO PROPOSITIONS

1. Send us lists of picked names of men and women, with 5c per name, and we will send to their individual address a bundle of six assorted samples of the Christian Socialist including two of our recent special editions. As we have to address the wrappers for these, it is a very great service for so little money. Send the names of preachers and teachers upon separate sheets plainly marked.

2. Send us the money—all you can spare—and we will send (for each 5c you remit) six assorted samples of the Christian Socialist to a minister of any denomination you prefer. (We have the year books of the various churches with the names and latest addresses of the ministers.)

These two plans afford you a chance to use your campaign money to the best possible advantage. Begin now. Better circulate these papers now before the old party excitement and prejudice rises too high. Now is the time to strike. A dollar spent now for campaign material is worth two spent during the last exciting months before election day.

Send twenty three-month subs. for the Christian Socialist for $3.00 to a list of names of your own choosing, or forty for $5.00. If you can not afford it yourself, get other comrades to help you.

Socialism and Religion
A Sermon to Working People

By Browne C. Hammond in the New York Call

[We reprint the following terrible arraignment of the Church and Capitalism so that religious people may understand how bitterly and why many lovers of humanity condemn the Church for its complicity with oppression and commercial graft. The only answer that can be made to this arraignment is for religious men to line up with the working class demand for justice. Note how the writer of the article **scorns the Church and reveres Jesus.**—Ed.]

"No. No, we don't want to hear about Socialism! Tell us something about religion. We have to work and can't go to church."

This pathetic statement was made by a motorman on a Nostrand avenue trolley car to a Socialist worker as he handed the motorman a Socialist leaflet and asked him to kindly read it.

The incident occurred early on a Sunday morning at the junction of Flatbush and Nostrand avenues, Brooklyn.

The motorman's number we will not give, for he pleadingly added, "I've got to work or lose my job."

Reader, whoever you are, please stop and read over again the sad but eloquent statement of this deluded, helpless workingman and try to put yourself in his place.

He is a fair sample of the working class under our present industrial system. He is a perfect sample of a large percentage of the wage slaves used in operating the B. R. T. railway system of Brooklyn.

Now, what is the cause of this motorman's helpless, and seemingly hopeless, condition and the helpless condition of the entire class of workers to which he belongs?

He is a slave in both body and mind and he does not know it.

He both obediently obeys and worships his church, which enslaves his mind and with his body he serves the B. R. T. willingly and faithfully with all his strength, which in return enslaves his body and grinds his life into profit—for the idle rich.

He and his class are owned body and soul by this combination of church and "system."

They are mentally and physically tied hand and foot, for this world and the next, and they don't know how to free themselves.

Which tyranny is the worst, the church, which took this man in infancy and molded his mind to its own use, or the capitalist system, which takes advantage of his ignorance and superstition to enslave his body?

His church tells him "it is the Lord's will that you are poor."

Could an angel from heaven deliver to him this message direct he could not believe it more implicitly than he does.

The Bible story of the rich man feasting sumptuously every day and the poor man getting the crumbs which fell from his table is preached into his ears a thousand times by his church, till he actually believes it is a blessing to be poor, and he resignedly accepts his lot, to toil for the rich through his life, and patiently wait to be carried at last to Abraham's bosom.

This story, like others, is as alluring to him as a Santa Claus story is to a child.

He does not seem to realize that while he accepts such an agreement the rich, "clothed in purple and fine linen," are never frightened into offering to exchange places with him.

He alone, for being "faithful" in this life, is to enjoy the final satisfaction in the next world.

To win this glorious reward, his church further tells him, he must be "patient and long suffering." And he promptly goes out and patiently begs for the privilege of becoming a self-sacrificing slave to the capitalist class, to win his promised heavenly reward and to save his soul from hell!

The B. R. T. says to him, slave for us or starve!

As a free American citizen, as he blindly believes himself to be, he can take his choice.

His church answers: "Slaves, obey your masters!"

Could the devils in hell originate a more perfect scheme for enslaving and robbing the working class?

The people who do not work live in palaces, and they own all the wealth, and they fill all the offices, and they own the police, and the armies, and the gatling guns, and the jails, and the churches, and the saloons, and the brothels, and the courts, and the politicians and the press, and the poorhouses, and the lives of the blind, submissive working slaves who do their bidding.

And they make all the laws in their own interest, and they administer all the laws in their own interest.

The working people produce the wealth and live in squalor, and they fight the wars which the rich declare and which the churches uphold, and they get the gatling guns and the policemen's club, and they fill the jails and churches and saloons and prisons and orphan asylums and lunatic asylums and poorhouses and the potter's field.

And this we are told is Christian civilization.

Brothers, please excuse a slang phrase, but, on the level, tell us honestly, what do you think of the game?

And you, brother motormen, you asked that we "tell you something about religion," and we have complied with your request.

We have told you, no doubt, an unwelcome story, but we have told you the truth.

We have told you all that your religion and your church has ever done for you, or ever will do for you and the working class, and you cannot deny it.

Still you fall down and cowardly worship such an institution, and even steal the bread from your own children's mouths and blindly hand it over to those who use it to perpetuate your own slavery.

"Father forgive them, they know not what they do!"

Here is the problem which Socialism comes to solve. A great mass of deluded, discouraged, helpless working people, "joined to their idols" and who turn a deaf ear to their only friends must be reached and taught the meaning of the movement which is to deliver them from bondage.

Brothers and sisters, working men and working women, you do not know what religion is.

You do not know the meaning of human brotherhood.

Socialism comes to you and offers you freedom for both body and mind, which, today, is denied you by both your church and the capitalist system.

It offers you, too, what the working people have never had on this earth—peace and plenty, work and reward, and the "rest" which Christ meant for you in this life, when He said: "Come unto Me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

This, our brothers, is the meaning of the message of "joy and glad tidings to the poor," kept from you 1900 years by a church always false to the working class and offered you today through Socialism.

Our gospel is the gospel Christ preached. Our cause is the cause He died to establish. Our banner is the color of His blood—emblematic of human brotherhood.

It has been sanctified by His suffering and death, and by the blood and suffering of the working class through all the ages.

Our battle cry is the hope of the world.

"Workingmen of all countries unite. You have nothing to lose but your chains and a world to gain."

Shall the Christian Socialist remain a weekly? Your work for 1912 in its behalf will tell the story.

UNIVERSAL LABOR DAY

A May Day Song by H. F. Thomas

(Tune, the Watch on the Rhine)

Welcome thou glorious first of May,
Thou emblem of a better day.
As winter's blasts have passed away,
All nature now seems bright and gay.

We hail this day so bright and fair,
As healthful breezes fill the air.
May all our race its blessings share,
Comfort, prosperity dispel all care.

II

We celebrate this first of May,
As universal Labor-day.
When toilers from the east and west,
And from the south and north protest,

We hail this day as protest-day,
Against the tyrant's cruel sway.
May we unite in this grand fight,
Marching to victory with all our might.

III

We hail this day as Labor-day,
Until the workers have full sway.
Owning the means of life on earth,
Changing all strife to peace and mirth.

How long, how long shall we submit
To toil in vain for wife and "Kit."
While those who neither toil nor spin,
Use us as slaves—their ends to win.

IV

This is the workers' grandest time,
To raise their voice in every clime
Against oppression's cruel reign,
Where millions slave and toil in vain.

Arouse ye workers from your sleep,
Awake, awake and vigils keep
To grasp the power at your command,
By which to enter Freedom's Land.

THE SLUM CHILD

M. J. C.

Condemned to Life. Thou wretched Sprite,
Wast thou condemned by Elfin spite
In sordid clay to imprisoned be
And suffer through eternity?
Didst thou commit some heinous crime,
To banished be from fairer clime,
That thou must here with devils dwell,
For all thy days, in lowest hell?

Thou starving, wretched, forlorn child!
Hadst thou been whelped by tiger wild,
Thy dwelling place the jungle's gloom,
At least thou wouldst have had one boon—
The boon of Life! But here 'tis Death—
Contagion reeks in every breath.
Contumely, want, disease and crime—
Till Death shall end, these shall be thine!

SPECIALTY FOR 1912

What a great thing it would be to send the Christian Socialist to every preacher in America for at least three months during 1912. IT WOULD CONVERT THOUSANDS OF THEM TO SOCIALISM. And then they would "roar and thunder" from the pulpit against capitalistic crimes until they would WAKE THE DEAD consciences of their hearers and the nation would be aroused. IT CAN BE DONE. Plan for it.

COLORED SOCIALISTS WANTED

Comrades, send me the names and addresses of the colored Socialists whom you may know.

Geo. W. Slater, Jr.,
333 Harrison street, Clinton, Ia.

TO ASSIST THE APPEAL

Peoria, Ill., April 14, 1912.

Christian Socialist, 5623 Drexel, Av., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Comrades: Resolutions adopted by Local Peoria S. P. of A.:

Resolved, That Local Peoria make a demanding request that all Socialist publications do their utmost to refute the story so widely circulated in the capitalist press to the effect that the Appeal to Reason of Girard, Kan., has suspended. Also

Resolved, That Local Peoria make a demanding request that all Socialist publications do their utmost to render all possible assistance to the Appeal to Reason in its coming fight in the capitalistic court.

Yours for victory for the Appeal to Reason of Girard, Kan.

Mrs. L. L. Blystone,
Recording Secretary Local Peoria, S. P. of A.

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NO BILLS FOLLOW THE CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST. If you get it REGULARLY, someone has paid for it. When your subscription expires we will notify you and STOP THE PAPER if you do not renew. If you receive a sample copy it is an invitation to subscribe at once.

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EDITOR
Rev. Edward Ellis Carr

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◆

"Religion should be to every man:
Not a creed, but an experience;
Not a restraint, but an inspiration;
Not an insurance for the next world,
But a program for this."

RESULTS UNDECIDED

As we go to press the results of the Conference of the Christian Socialist Fellowship, as to some of the chief issues, are left undecided pending a proposed referendum, and a full report is not now advisable. Later reports will give final results.

IT DID THE WORK

Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Comrade:

Some one sent me a three-month sub to your paper. It came at the psychological moment and did its work. It convinced me of the truth and justice of Socialism. Have been holding propaganda meetings for several months. Many are seeing the light. Please send the paper to names enclosed.

Yours fraternally,
Rev. A. E. Reinschmidt.

ECONOMIC DETERMINISM AND THE MINISTRY

By Rev. Sam Atkinson

The Chicago-Inter-Ocean recently came out with an editorial attacking Socialism, and concluded the argument with the following statement:

"And we think that the very queerest of all queer mental and moral delusions is that which leads so many Christian ministers to foster Socialism and makes them totally unable to see that the very first work of a triumphant Socialism would be contemptuously to brush aside, or to crush if it resisted, the very Christian institution which makes them all they are and has given them all they have."

The rank and file of the ministry must feel highly amused at this piece of satire. The clergy have suffered more than any other body of men as a result of the increased cost of living. Their average salary remains the same as twenty years ago. Much of the decadence of the Christian life is due to this fact. The best men are not seeking to enter the ministry. How a people make their living determines how they live. There is a dearth of candidates for the ministry. That men set apart as moral teachers can carry out the noble ideals to which they give expression under existing conditions is more than we can understand. The average salary of the ministers in this wealthy country is less than the average salary of the working man.

That Karl Marx was indeed a true prophet is evidenced by the wording of a resolution recently adopted by the Troy Methodist Conference, in relation to an increase of salaries for ministers:

"Self-respect, courage and holy power depend not upon the asceticism of the medieval church, but upon a reasonably supply of the common necessities of life."

That the ministers are recognizing this great truth is a most hopeful sign. The church needs Scientific Socialism. Necessity is driving her to it. The future of the church depends upon it. She need not fear it. As long as there are men we shall have **FAITH**, but the expression of our faith in worship will never be properly developed until poverty and the disease and crime consequent thereto have been removed. The Carpenter of Nazareth said, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the World," and His presence is nowhere more manifest than in the Socialist movement.

COST TO THE CONSUMER SHOULD BE THE REWARD OF THE PRODUCER

New York State Report for 1911

Farmers produced potatoes last year for which they got $3,500,000.

The consumers paid for these potatoes—$48,000,000. The consumers paid over thirteen times as much for potatoes as the farmers got for producing them; the farmers got one-thirteenth of the value of their production, if the value of the potatoes they produced was equal to the amount the consumers paid.

If the consumers had purchased the potatoes for what the producers got for them, they would have bought potatoes for one-thirteenth of the price they paid, and hence less hunger and starvation in New York; or if the producers had received for the potatoes what the consumers paid, the farmers would have realized thirteen times the amount realized for potatoes and their burden of debt and mortgage would have been correspondingly made lighter.

There is a screw loose somewhere in the system of production and distribution. Colorado is a great potato state and investigation will show that the same injustice to producers and consumers prevails in Colorado as in New York. Socialism will correct this injustice and save both producers and consumers from the robbery and injustice and consequent starvation and poverty inherent in the capitalist system. The consumers of what farmers produce are the producers of what the farmers consume, such as wagons and farm machinery and all finished products. And the farmers pay for what is produced for them by the consumers of the farmers' product, about thirteen times as much as is received by the producers of the farmers' supplies. Labor that makes wagons for the farmers, gets less than $15, including all the raw material from the stump and mines, for the wagon that the farmer pays from $65 to $85 for. The labor in the wagon factory gets for making a wagon only $7.19, according to the government report. In some other things than wagons the case is even worse, so the general average would be as is shown in the case of potatoes.

Thos. W. Woodrow, Hobart, Okla.

THE SOCIETY WOMAN

By Sidney N. Hillyard

Of all the people who now influence life in our large cities, perhaps one of the most powerful for good or for evil, unto righteousness or in the valley of despair, are the women of society.

So many of those things which are not done ostensibly to win the balm of Gilead that lies in the favor of these, are done covertly for it. Few men, and fewer women, can claim with honest mien that they have lived through much of this chastening life untortured or uninspired by their proximity. Still more have aggregations of such women a power of which they wot not, nor know how to use; a black magic, with which to slay or to crown, to anoint with the glows of evening, or to darken with regret. Women are few, who at any time have been delivered from this relentless power—of which it seems hardly to be theirs to reason why; have not the thoughts of men for ages been echoed from the footsteps of Miriam, been reflected in the drinking cups of Ahasuerus, been re-created by Antony and Abelard, and are not the thoughts of men today echoed from the footsteps of the women of the world?

But power means duty. The "Ich Dien," traduced and slandered by kings, might well be monogrammed upon the note paper of the leaders of society, announcing to the world that here were those who were combining the privilege of knowing and honoring the best with the duty of helping and encouraging the worst.

"Ho," says the world, "for what sensible reason should a club of women hold a feast of boors; do they respect them in their hearts, that they should cause their tables to do them honor?" For no sensible reason; for a reason to which we are all too insensible; for the reason that they are able! The oil of power is poured from the cruse of responsibility; the two are one gift; and because of this the most queenly office in the royal household is service.

"Ah," says the world, "but you are confusing the duties of ministers with those of society leaders—who have none." There is no such confusion. Out of the strong should come forth sweetness, for the weak take not only their manners and their customs, but their ideals from the strong. Are not the methods of society emulated in college, in the high school, in the lower grades of every city school?

If the entrenched and the favored be merciless to the churl he will give them hatred in return, and he will show contempt for churls weaker than himself. Neither shall it be answered that there is no cruelty in the heart of society, toward anything, whether it roar in Bashan or hide its head in the stockyards. It shall be remembered that the arteries and the veins of cruelty are fed most freely from indifference and neglect. Nor, in the office of Huldah, or in the victory of Jael, hath any woman destroyed within herself the fires of contempt; behind the smiling countenance of the daughters of the Gods twineth the yellow-eyed serpent of pride and scorn that was even told in Gath and published in the streets of Askelon.

Solace may perchance be found in the outer court of the Temple, but it always seems to be those within the veil who sing its praise. He on the outside may feebly join the chorus of the blest, content to sacrifice the blemished ram, but on the instant that his sword is sharpened to its work does he not rend the curtain and enter the sacred precincts of just persons? Let then the high-priestesses of the ark of the covenant raise the veil upon the coming feast day of the ancient order of Melchisedec that the wanderers in the desert at last may drink!

The workers of the world must provide society with all that keeps society alive. Well will it be for society if society will do that which will appear well in the sight of the workers of the world. The time is at hand when society will be the workers of the world. The reckoning day of the society that now is will pass more smoothly through the coming clearing house of fate, if the women of the society that now is will prepare for the reckoning day of the workers of the world.

NOTICE

Comrades:

If you know of a vacancy in any High School where a good teacher is wanted, the Christian Socialist can furnish information concerning a good teacher who is a Socialist. Please send your requests to our office, 5443 Drexel avenue, Chicago.

At every national convention efforts are made by a certain class of people to limit the power of the membership and increase the power of the few who are on top. This effort for "a more strongly centralized party government" manifests itself in three demands; the demand to make party referendums more difficult and to keep certain matters from the referendum; the demand for a smaller representation at conventions, and the demand for a party owned press.

The Socialist Crusaders

50,000 Subscribers by the Presidential Election

The call for helpers to boost the **Christian Socialist** to the 50,000 mark has already brought several responses, and some have caught the revolutionary spirit of this campaign of education. One comrade of New Stanton, Pa., tells of what he is doing, sends an order, and also indicates what every wide-awake Local should do. He writes: "Dear Comrade—I have been appointed by my Local to look after the **Christian Socialist**, and want to say that every preacher in our community is getting the **Christian Socialist**. I am going to do everything in my power to bring the **Christian Socialist** up to the 50,000 mark. We are at present small in numbers, but every comrade is on the firing line.

"G. T. Richards."

The following communication is from Comrade John Richter, who is Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer of the International Boiler Makers and Iron Ship Builders. He writes:

"Dear Comrades:

"Please find enclosed draft for $5.00, for which please send 100 copies of the regular **Christian Socialist** each week for five weeks. We have a club of ten who give 10c per week, and hope to have a club of twenty in the near future.

"I received the 200 copies of the Socialism of Jesus and Prosser Special, and they seem to touch the spot. I hope every town that has a Local will get up a club in this way to reach the Church people. John Richter."

A GOOD WAY TO DO IT

Palisade, Colo.

Editor of the **Christian Socialist**:

A few weeks ago a Socialist Local was organized at this place with a chart or membership of 29 members and since that time we have added a considerable number. We were just in time to get a full ticket in the field for the spring election for city officials. We have had two public meetings that were well attended and a good interest manifested. Comrade Adams of Grand Junction gave us a good talk in a public hall for a starter and last Thursday night we secured the Baptist Church building for a meeting to be conducted by Rev. F. A. Glover, pastor of the M. E. Church at Debeque, Colo., assisted by the writer. The following proposition had been sent to the official members of the Baptist, Presbyterian and Methodist Churches of the town:

To the Official Board of the —— Church, Palisade, Colo.:

There appears to be a very common feeling among the members of the various Evangelical Churches that Socialism is antagonistic to the organized Church and to the teachings of Jesus. There is undoubtedly at the same time a feeling on the part of a great number of Socialists that the organized Church is out of sympathy with the wage-earner. We, of the Palisade Socialist Local, have given this matter serious thought and believe that there is a very serious misunderstanding on the part of many members of each organized movement with reference to the real work and purpose of the other. We further believe that such a misunderstanding if fostered and perpetuated can not fail to result in incalculable harm. Both movements are world-wide in extent, both claim to exist for but one purpose and that the uplift of humanity, both claim to be in harmony with the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, the one emphasizing the spiritual teachings of Jesus and the other the social and economic.

That the work of these two organizations must very largely be interdependent and the success of the one be tremendously influenced by the attitude of the other is true beyond question. The Church from pulpit and press bewails the fact that she is not able to reach and save the wage-earner. The wage-earner of the world believes that while the Church is trying to help him spiritually with her prayers she rivets the fetters of his economic servitude with her ballots.

In view of the foregoing the Socialist Local of Palisade makes this proposition to any Church in Palisade: If you will grant us the use of your building on the evening of March the 28, 1912, we will place before the Church people and the citizens of Palisade and vicinity the Rev. F. A. Glover, pastor of the Methodist Church at DeBeque, as speaker of the evening, to be assisted by C. L. King, both regularly ordained ministers of the Methodist Church, the subject for the evening to be: "The Teachings of Jesus as Related to Our Present Social and Economic Life."

We agree that there positively will be no mud slinging or personal abuse of any kind and that the present city election or any of the candidates as such shall not be mentioned. Further, we agree to defray the light, heat and janitor expenses of the evening.

Should more than one Official Board see fit to accept the proposition as above made it is our purpose to use the building first offered.

Respectfully submitted by the Palisade Socialist Local. By:

———— Chairman.
———— Sec'y.

The above form was filled in and sent with stamped and addressed envelopes to each of the three churches as above stated. The Presbyterian Church replied with a very kindly worded refusal. The Methodist Church ignored the request entirely, no reply being given. Our Baptist friends replied to our secretary, Fred A. Bower, in the following words:

"Dear Sir—Your request of the 23d inst. was presented to a few of our members last night, and all were agreed that we offer you the use of our building according to the request made. We are assured by the request and reassured by the character of the men who are to address the meeting that there will be nothing but what is perfectly appropriate for the time and place, and we hope that as a result of this meeting there may come mutual good."

The attendance of church people was not what we had hoped for and expected, but all who were there seemed to be well pleased and since then we have heard very many highly complimentary comments on the meeting. All who have expressed themselves were more than pleased with the lecture of Comrade Glover. His lecture was clear and definite and delivered with an earnestness that carried conviction with it. Many who were there had never before heard the economic teachings of Jesus treated in a practical way.

There were two other tickets in the field and a very bitter fight was waged between them and this made it much more difficult for vote other than from our own party or from a very few who are thinking very favorably of Socialism. Something over 400 votes were us to even get a hearing. But we believe the time is coming here when people will be willing, and more than willing, to hear. The fight was so bitter that we probably did not get a cast, and we got 38 of them for a starter. We have made a clean fight and have made no effort to get votes except as the principles of Socialism made them. The interest is growing very rapidly in the Grand Valley.

Yours for victory, Chas. L. King.

BECOME A STOCKHOLDER

We would like for every reader of the **Christian Socialist** to become a shareholder in the Co-Operative Printing Co., which publishes the paper, and become a part of the concern. This would enable you to be present at the annual meeting, either in person or by proxy, to vote on all matters there considered, including the election of Directors. To encourage you to do so, we offer to all stockholders the **Christian Socialist** and all books which we produce at 50 per cent discount. And for a limited time we will make the following offer:

1 share of Stock	$10
Ten yearly sub-cards	10
Total	$20
All for	$14

SURE THING

My ol' dwag, he ain't no houn'.
He's a bull, an' he weighs 'bout 80 poun',
With two rows o' teeth an' a plum' bad frown.
Nobody ain't kickin' MY dawg aroun'!

—Q. S. A., in Chicago Tribune.

WISCONSIN NOTES

The first two acts of the "Non-Partisans" on assuming control of Milwaukee were highly significant.

The new "Non-Partisan" (anti-Socialist) council voted to give the city printing to capitalist papers, which do not bear the union label, and the new "Non-Partisan" mayor appointed as commissioner of public works a man in the employ of the street railway company.

Of course, these two measures were bravely fought by the eleven Social-Democrats in the council. Alderman Alldridge led the fight. He protested against a contract to firms without the label, and insisted that the council had a right to know whether the mayor's appointee held stock in the street railway company, and whether he would uphold the policy inaugurated by the Socialist administration of compelling the street car company to pave between its tracks.

These two protests in behalf of organized labor and of the people's interests were greeted only with jeers and laughter on the part of the anti-Socialist aldermen. The two "Non-Partisan" measures were carried by a vote of 26 anti-Socialists to 11 Socialists.

And so the battle began. The eleven Social-Democratic aldermen number some staunch fighters, who will not allow the new administration to go its crooked way without a vigorous protest. The next two years promise to be very interesting in Milwaukee.

Still the membership of the Social-Democratic party in Milwaukee keeps on growing. A fine feature of the situation is that the young people are earnestly awake, and eager to work. The young Italians in the East ward have started a study club which contains some excellent material. These young men will also join the Social-Democratic party. The other young people's clubs and organizations are growing and starting up into increased activity. The young generation is ardently with us!

The Socialist women are also greatly stirred up. On the West side of Milwaukee they are arranging an entertainment for the benefit of the Socialist press in this city. The women are especially anxious to get a German Socialist daily started. For this they will work earnestly until it is accomplished.

The circulation of the Milwaukee Leader has increased so rapidly that we have been compelled to order another quadruple press in addition to the one which is now printing the Leader. This new press has now reached Milwaukee and will be installed in a few days.

Never was the Socialist movement in Milwaukee in such good condition, or in a more healthy state of rapid growth. "Defeat" (so-called) has certainly stirred things up.

E. H. Thomas, State Secretary.

GREAT SPECIAL EDITIONS

The great special editions of the **Christian Socialist** are for **special people**. The **Catholic, Methodist, Church of Christ, Lutheran and Episcopal** are for ministers and members of these respective churches. **They should each be distributed liberally at the doors of these respective churches on Sunday as the people come from worship.** THERE IS NO BETTER PROPAGANDA PLAN THAN THIS.

We have also the Thompson special the Prosser special and the A B C of Socialism special, which magnificent matter is unsurpassed for use at any church or any home.

And the Hill special, which so tremendously answers and exposes Rev. J. Wesley Hill, the notorious capitalist ministerial decoy, should be used among all preachers and all churches. While the last great special, devoted to the Men and Religion Forward Movement, containing the scathing and convincing articles of Rev. W. A. Prosser and Rev. E. M. Duff, should be used largely wherever Raymond Robins speaks and wherever the M. & R. F. M. holds its meetings.

Comrades, the above specials are absolutely unequalled as Socialist propaganda matter.

Get your branch to order a big bundle.

Prices, in bundles of ten or more, **one cent per copy, postpaid; 500 copies, $4.50; 1,000 copies, $8.**

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

M. J. C.

Ralph Waldo Emerson,
Prophet of the Most High God!
Counselor, Guide and Friend;
Source of comfort, hope and inspiration:
From the soul-killing cave of Superstition thou
  hast guided me;
My tempest tossed soul thou hast delivered
  me;
Through the labyrinths of darkness and doubt
  Thou didst soothe and calm;
Up the steeps of Truth thou hast carried me;
The fear of Death thou hast flung far from me.
With my hand in thine, unafraid, serene,
I await the summons to the World Unseen.

International Sunday School Lessons

By Rev. Wm. A. Prosser, Pastor Ames M. E. Church; 4648 Second Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

LESSON FOR MAY 12

The Law of Love. Luke 6:27-38. Romans 13:8-10

GOLDEN TEXT: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Romans 13:9.

In studying the subject of love it will pay one to read carefully the short "Imitation of Christ," by Thomas A. Kempis, and "The Greatest Thing in the World," by Prof. Henry Drummond. But after we have read the best man has penned on the subject nothing is so great as the Bible. The Bible is the richest volume in the world on the subject of love. It is the highest and last word on the matter. It treats the subject from many angles: philosophically, analytically, comprehensively and authoritatively.

What It Is

What is love? The Bible declares it to be an eternal, universal, divine, personal and social force, the biggest, best and most enduring principle in the Cosmos. It says "God is love;" that it "never fails"; that it is the normal motive of human life; that it is happiness, success, life; that it is the badge of Christian discipleship; that it is the highest and best law of Social life. Christ expressed this when he said, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye even so to them."

The classic on love is I Cor. 13. This has never been equalled, much less excelled. Here Paul, in the compass of a few brief verses, gives us a keen analysis of love. He says, "Love suffereth long and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly; seeketh not her own; is not provoked; taketh no account of evil; rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth." In this spectrum of love there are many ingredients worthy of special notice.

Patience. "Love suffereth long." Love is passive. It waits and suffers. But we ask, patience with whom, when and for what? Since love is a human quality to be lived out in human society the answer must be, with the weak, defective, ignorant, and even the wicked for the sake of the cause. It believes, is optimistic, therefore it is willing to wait for the hour of deliverance and suffer in the meantime.

Kindness. "And is kind." Love is active. Like God the Father and Jesus Christ, His Son, it is ever on the alert to bestow favors and do good. It says, "I pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again." It bestows kindness on all regardless of merit, color, tongue, condition, space or time.

Generosity. "Love envieth not." It is not peeved at the happiness and success of another. It does not covet another man's life, wife, children, goods or rights and privileges in life. It lives and lets live. It is content with the product of its own toil. It does not compete but co-operates that others may live as well as itself.

Humility. "Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up." If it has exceptional, physical, mental and spiritual endowments, it does not boast of and use them to the detriment of others. If there is superiority in talent there is present **a deep consciousness of responsibility.** Greatness in love's sight is not for personal vain glory, aggrandizement or profit, but humble faithful service for others. Love with superior powers does not strut forth like the peacock nor extend its chest like the pouting pigeon, nor appear in the sanctuary with the cocksure air of the hypocritical Pharisee. It is conscious of its powers but gracious and sweet-spirited in the use of them.

Courtesy. "Doth not behave itself unseemly." It is not a boss or a bully, either in the home, church, school or the world at large. It is a gentle-man everywhere. The secret of true politeness, of courtesy, of refined etiquette is genuine love. This is a fact most of us, young and old, male and female, rich and poor, conservative or revolutionist, need to remember and carry about with us every day.

Self-sacrifice. "Seeketh not her own." Love knows it has rights and demands them. It also knows others have rights and is willing to relinquish its own to secure the rights of the other fellow. It will not seek its own, when seeking its own, will interfere with the other fellow getting his own. It will surrender reputation, goods and life itself (to all of which it has a right) to demand and fight for the rights of the "least of these my brethren." It seeks first, not its own good, but the establishment of a "Kingdom of Justice," that its own good and the good of all may be conserved. It is not self-centered, but other-centered.

Self-mastery. "Is not provoked." Love is not an angry, roaring tyrant. It is cool, deliberate, dispassionate, good-tempered. Many an almost perfect person is ruined in moral power because of an easily ruffled, quick-tempered, "touchy" disposition. "No form of vice," says Drummond, "not worldliness, nor greed of gold, nor drunkenness itself, does more to unchristianize society than an evil temper. For embittering life, for breaking up communities, for destroying the most sacred relationships, for devastating homes, for withering up men and women, for taking the bloom of childhood, in short, for sheer gratuitous misery-producing power, this influence stands alone." The Elder brother, in the parable of the "Prodigal Son," is cited as an example of it. While this seems an exaggeration of the evil of ill-temper, there is much truth in it.

Guilelessness. "Thinketh no evil." Love is not everlastingly suspicious of everything and everybody. It holds men innocent until proven guilty. It does not create and impute a false motive, but regards the best side and puts the best construction on every act and movement. Love will not take up nor believe gossip, for it delights not in iniquity nor in iniquitous thinking.

Truthfulness. "It rejoiceth in the truth." Mighty quality this. "It speaketh the truth in its heart and sweareth to its own hurt." He who loves, loves not only men but the Truth and rejoiceth in it. He will rejoice in the Truth—rejoice not in tradition, what others have taught him to believe; not in this or that church creed; not in this or that political platform; not in this or that "ism," but "in the Truth." Love will accept only what is real. It will strive to get at the facts, will search for the Truth with an alert and unbiased mind, and cherish whatever it finds to be true at any sacrifice. Love will "buy the truth and sell it not."

"Love covereth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things and endureth all things. Love never fails." How comprehensive, faithful, optimistic, enduring and unfailing love is! Blessed is the man in whose heart dwelleth this supreme Divine element! How glorious, blessed and happy the world when all its laws and institutions shall be founded upon and be made to express and conserve the demands of love! That such a human life and such a world-wide social order shall obtain is the purpose of God in creation and redemption.

Commanded to Love

The Old Testament is summed up in "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and thy neighbor as thy self." The New Testament adds nothing new to this.

This is scientifically sound. Without love the development of the intellectual and spiritual powers of man is impossible. It is only through the free play of the phylogenetic forces that man rises into true parenthood, sonship and brotherhood. Without love truth could not be discovered, justice executed and society developed. Love is more necessary to civilization than material things. Love never fails to develop holy manhood and a just social order, but money and force do fail. It is better not to live than not to love. That is what Paul meant when he said: "If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal. And if I have the gift of prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge; and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing."

The Measure of Love

The Bible says we shall love God with all our hearts, minds, souls and strength. That is, we are to love Him supremely with all the love-passion of our being. Then we are to love man, our neighbor, **as ourselves.** The little word **as**, the adverb of comparison, gives us the exact measure of our love for man. Determine how much you love yourself, your own life, liberty, happiness; how much you love to live, to live in a nice home, eat good food, wear good clothing, enjoy good music and have a little leisure occasionally, and you can then determine how much you must, to live as you should, love your neighbor. What you would like the other would like. Your desire and needs are the measure of your love for him. All things **whatsoever ye** would that men should do to you, do ye to them.

Jesus says: "Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends." Do you lay yours down for the glory of God and the good of your fellows?

Again he says: "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me; and he that doth not take up his cross and follow after me is not worthy of me." Do you who say, I love God and man, do this to be worthy the company of Christ?

In another place he said: "If ye love me ye will keep my commandments." Measured by your faithful execution of his commandments in practical life how large is your love for Christ?

John says: "Whoso hath the world's goods and beholdeth his brother in need, and shutteth up his compassion from him, how doth the love of God abide in him?" Millions are in dire need today. Measured by your efforts to relieve the needy and remove the cause of their neediness, how strong is the love of God in you?

And once more. John said: "If a man say I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar, for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen cannot love God whom he hath not seen. And this commandment have we from him, that he that loveth God loveth his brother also." If every man is our brother, the black, red, yellow and white, the native and foreigner, the poor, ignorant and defective, how much do we love God measured by our love for mankind?

Love Under Capitalism

The real obstacle to the cultivation and practice of love today is the capitalist social order.

Profits as the Incentive and Private Ownership of the Means of Life as the Goal of Life, This is Capitalism. This means sordid selfishness, cut-throat competition, and the monopoly of the world in a few hands. It is the principle of "the race to the swift" and "the spoil to the strong." There is as much congruity between these principles and the principle of love as there is between the devil and the holy angels. Love has as much chance to come to perfection under this social order as a lily has to bloom in a sand heap. Love is a dead letter in a capitalistic regime. It is as much out of place in it as it is at a bull fight.

When men are fighting for a chance to live, competing for jobs, power and gold, when the incentive is personal profit and the goal of all endeavor is private possession of the world, when this spirit and principle predominates in all spheres of life, where is the chance to cultivate and practice the spirit of love? If a man would live himself, he must literally fight to maintain himself or be trampled under foot. Those less able to contend in the game of life go to the wall. Wherefore is there a chance to suffer long and be kind to the weak and foolish; to be humble and maintain courtesy; seek not one's own, maintain a good temper, side not with evil, and take the side of truth? From a material standpoint he that does so today loses. **There is absolutely nothing in capitalism that directly or indirectly aids us in living out our individual and collective lives according to the principle of love. It is self-evident that capitalism must be destroyed root and branch before the world can adopt and practice the principle of loving God with all the heart and our neighbor as ourselves.**

Since individualism and collectivism are the only two forms of society possible to the world, and love cannot be practiced under individualism, it is quite evident that the economic and political form, involved in collectivism, is the only social order in which love can find congenial soil in which to grow. Love can and will develop and obtain under Socialism. The universal co-operative kingdom will exist to suffer in kindness with the weak, to use its superior talents without arrogance for the benefit of others, to seek not its own, to maintain a good temper and not to gloat in iniquity, but to rejoice in truth and justice. If this is true, as seems quite evident, it behooves all men and women who love God and man and desire this principle to obtain in the earth to work incessantly, with every available power, for the triumph of Socialism. "Thy kingdom come," then will God's will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

FOR YOUNG CRUSADERS

Conducted by M. Kathryn Spiers,
801 W. Main St., Richmond, Va.

THE LAW OF LOVE

Make channels for the streams of love,
  Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing streams,
  To fill them, every one.

But if at any time we cease,
  Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love to us,
  Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep,
  That blessing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have,
  Such is the law of love.

—Roland C. Trench.

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AN OKLAHOMA FROLIC

Who is going to write us about the road-building contest that took place in Oklahoma some time since? I do not know the name of the county or the date, but saw a comment in a capitalistic paper which showed that the lesson in co-operation given by the Oklahomans who built a good road thirty-three miles long in one day, making a county picnic out of the task, was very effective and highly appreciated. It appears to me that the county where this was done ought to be good soil for sowing the seeds of the Co-operative Commonwealth. Let us hear from some Crusaders who know all about it; surely there must be some of our readers where this was done. Oklahoma to the front!

Here are some Oklahoma letters to start off with:

Mooreland, Okla., Feb. 23, 1912.

Dear Aunt Kathryn:

Well, as I was reading the letters from the Young Crusaders in the **Christian Socialist**, I thought I would write you a few lines. It is snowing today. We have had a hard winter—the worst in years. I am twelve years old and am in the sixth grade. I have not missed a day nor been tardy for four terms. I like to go to school. I have two sisters going to school also, and a baby brother three years old. We think he is a wonder. My papa is a great Socialist worker. He has been a socialist for four years. There are a great many Socialists here. Mrs. O'Hare spoke to a great crowd here, and set a great many to thinking. We have a local and papa is secretary. We have had a great many Socialist lectures. We all hope the Socialists will win the next election, but I am afraid they will not. Your little comrade,

Pauline Hilbig.

Thank you for this nice letter, dear Crusader. I hope you will have something interesting to write us again, some time. If you have a